

Star Heart

by Darryl Price

This is the place I could find my breath. I didn't
Say I understood it. I only wanted to hold someone and
Meant to. I don't care about the rules for caring.
This place where I could speak was incredibly far from

Where I'd once met you. The place where I could speak
Had its tender moments. I didn't say I was completely lost,
But I was alone. The place where I could speak
Was like a cave with blank canvas walls. The place where

I could speak had a nice view of the stars,
But I craved your skies. They laughed and said, get
Real, moon child. The place where I could speak was
Also the place where I refused to be afraid. The

Place where I could speak didn't cost all that much, but a
Metaphorical arm and leg. The whole process blew me
Up like a film of dynamite over and over again. What can I say?
People are
Resilient. If something's funny, you laugh. If something's sad you

Die a little each time you feel it. The place
Where I could speak was a garden out of time.
I stood there waiting to be unfrozen. Sooner or later
We all get up and walk away from the sorry game

Knowing our wishes are never going to come true. The
Place where I could speak broke my heart like a fish. Is that
What you want to hear me say? I'm not trying to hide

A scarecrow's helping arm from you or anyone else in this picture.
I've

Had huge chunks of light dissolved out of my own
Torn north star chest, parts by torrential rains, parts by
Storied dreams. I've got permanently opened up places in my
beginnings.

This is the place where you get to slip out and

be long gone. The place where I could speak has no
Words for itself. The place where I could speak is
Missing a dozen or so important apologies. I'm sorry for
The little flowers that sought protection there. They were also

Hurting for a friendly side to lean on. The place where I could
Speak is slowly closing in on me. When something's sweet
You smile. When it's harsh you feel ignored. The place
Where I could speak is just my opinion according to some. The
place

Where I could speak gave in to your smile and nobody
Else's. I'm not a fool, but you took my hard earned
Good-bye without saying the truth. That pretend spot was where I
could be

The same as the one who'd already moved on, whispering, don't
stop, don't you dare stop anything now. dp

Bonus poem:

Last Meal by Darryl Price

The sky continues--nothing
we can do will make a
difference. Sky continues,

resistance is futile, like
any miracle. The modern
historian will be faced

with the same diagnosis:
original sin or wicked
genius? Sky continues

to make people sick, drop us
down in the heart please; die rich and
enter heaven through the back

door or die poor. Either way
you are forcing others to
abandon you while they're serving you

up your last meal. The sky
hands you an egg and says, you're
on your own. Sky continues,

all from memory. The sky
continues to be a shout out
at all the new pollution.

The sky continues to turn.
The sky continues to be true.
The sky continues to seethe

with stars. The sky continues
to burn its mouth on the sun.
The sky continues towards

insolence. Sky continues
and you are lost to me. Sky
continues; I run backwards.

